

But come down the line of time eighty-four years and you will see the sons of these fathers fighting their own brethren to death.

Notice the labor orders, political parties and other organizations. They cut loose from supported oppressions, and organize against false brethren and oppression; but soon false brethren, oppression and divisions arise in their own ranks and sometimes more bitter than those from whom they first withdrew.

Look into the churches of to-day and you find the same. A man or a number of men, become dissatisfied with existing conditions in a church; they withdraw and organize with the expectation of finding a model church: but how long does the model church continue to be such? Some of these same men have lived long enough to see this model church, in all appearances, anything but a true pattern of its model which they had expected to find. God made has this so, so that we cannot find that model church here, as I said before, or else we might not care to find the one in his kingdom prepared for us.

It is our business to work out our salvation, and where the greatest evil and number of sinners are, there is the greatest need of righteous men and women to work. It is not becoming a Christian to act a carpet bagger, or to sulk when a battle is on hand, but to put on the armor of the Lord and fight manfully for the cause.

GEO. A. COPP.

DEAR EVANGELIST: In No. 49 "Old Contributor" has furnished us genuine amusement. As a "late arrival," and perhaps one of those whose former ecclesiastical connections were so far removed from his present relationships as to make him the frequent subject of investigation, I have about become hardened to insinuations of mistrust from a few of the older and more cautious brethren, and now am inclined to regard these as pesty jokes, the perpetration of which I can readily forgive.

"Old Contributor" discourses in high complimentary terms of Bro. Gnagey. That was needless, surely. Of course Bro. Gnagey commands the admiration

of our entire Brotherhood. I say "our" Brotherhood notwithstanding the insinuation of Old Contributor. As one who has the honor to be among Bro. Gnagey's personal friends I can find no words with which to suitably express my appreciation of his private and public character, his scholarly and ministerial attainments. But what amuses me most is this: Old Contributors logic advises to elevate the "brother indeed" to positions of trust and responsibility and be slow to confer any such honor on the "late arrival." He then proceeds to commend the action of National Conference for their choice of our beloved editor. The inference is that this elevation is not only flattering but favoring to Bro. Gnagey. That is one side, may we turn and read the other. Poor Bro. Gnagey, at the call of National Conference breaks up his quiet home in beautiful and earnest little Meyersdale, severs ecclesiastical relationships with the dearest people and truest brethren (such real sacrifices not all are brave enough to offer) and goes to Ashland to lead in an almost forlorn hope; then a "late arrival" steps into the cosy little parsonage at Meyersdale to preside over the congregation, who by the long systematic pastoral care of our dear Bro. Gnagey, have reached such a period in organization, government, and discipline as to now make ministerial oversight a positive pleasure. What, dear Bro. O. C. about this view of it?

I am not cross with O. C. Having met the brother I think I know him sufficiently well to believe that he means no ill. I regard also the fact that some few "late arrivals" have acted treacherously and denied the faith (so, too, have a proportion of brethren indeed) and perhaps there is need for caution. But we are the least sensitive and feel at times that such innuendos should not be allowed.

However, since our "arrival" the church has demanded our continuous ministerial service, and when she ceases to do this we will be contented to sit in the pew and listen to Old Contributor, or any other good brother who has been called of God to preach the glorious Gospel of our blessed Lord Jesus.

J. C. MACKAY.

THE GOSPEL RAILROAD.

I will try and write a few lines for the BRETHREN EVANGELIST, the paper which should be in every home, for it encourages us, when we become weak and tired. My subject will be

THE GOSPEL RAILROAD.

Figuratively speaking there are two railroads in this world, and they both carry passengers to eternity. But their destination is different. One carries passengers to heaven and the other carries them into that terrible, great, dark abyss, where smoke of fire and brimstone ascendeth up forever and ever. It is of the former, that I shall endeavor to write about.

When I take a trip on the railroad I generally go to a book-store and purchase a guide book. So in this case I must have one before I can start on my heavenly journey, for it points out the way. So I purchase one, and I see on the outside of it in five big letters BIBLE. Now the first thing I must find is, what kind of a road I have to travel on. So I open the book and I read in Isa. xl, from the 3rd to 5th verses, these words. "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high-way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

As we look at it we see how straight it is, no curves, no valleys, and mountains, but all is smooth and strong, it cannot be washed away by a deluge of sin, or by principalities or powers for its builder is God. We shall next notice the track. I read in John xiv, 6, "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life, no man cometh unto the father but by me." What! Christ the track? We look at it, how substantial it looks and how straight. I wonder how long it is. I looked up the track with the mighty telescope faith, and what do I see? I see at the farther end heaven. How glorious it looks. But hark! I hear the sound of the coming train in the distance, and I must get ready if I expect to go. The train had